



# On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!",  
"Dobie Gillis," etc.)

## REQUIEM FOR A SQUARE

You, like any other lovable, clean-living, freckle-faced American kid, want to be a BMOC. How can you make it?

Well sir, there are several ways, none of which will work.

You're too puny to be an athlete, too lazy to be a valedictorian, and too hairy to run for Homecoming Queen.

As for becoming a best-dressed man, how are you going to buy clothes with a miser for a father?

Are you licked then? Is there no way to make BMOC?

Yes, there is! And you can do it! Do what? This:

Become a hippie! Get cool! Get alienated! Have an Identity Crisis! Be one of the Others!

How? Well sir, to become a hippie, simply follow these five simple rules:

1. Read all of Tolkien in the original dwarf.

2. Have your Sophomore Slump in the freshman year.

3. Wear buttons that say things like this:

NATIONALIZE DAIRY QUEEN

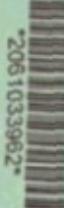
ASTHMATICS, UNITE

LEGALIZE APPLE BUTTER

HANDS OFF AIR POLLUTION

4. Go steady with a girl who has long greasy hair, a guitar, enlarged pores, and thermal underwear.

5. Attend Happenings regularly.



This last item may require some explanation, for it is possible that Happenings haven't reached your campus yet. Be assured they will because Happenings are the biggest college craze since mononucleosis.

A Happening, in case you don't know, is the first formless art form. Things just happen. For example, eighty naked men come out and squirt each other with fire hoses containing tinted yogurt. Then eighty more naked men come out and light birthday candles in the navels of the first eighty men. Then one girl, clothed, comes out and pulls three thousand feet of sausage casing through her pierced ear. Then eighty more naked men come out and eat a station wagon.

There is, of course, a musical accompaniment to all these fun things. Usually it is "Begin the Beguine," played by 26 trench mortars, a drop forge, and a rooster.

There used to be, some years ago, still another requirement for becoming a hippie: a man had to have a beard.

But no longer. Beards were worn in the past not so much as a protest, but because shaving was such a painful experience. Then along came Personna Super Stainless Steel Blades.

Today if you don't want to shave, well, that's *your* hangup, isn't it, baby? I mean when you've got a blade like Personna that tugs not neither does it scrape, what's your copout, man? I mean like get with it; you're living in the past. Shaving used to hurt, used to scratch, used to gouge, used to give you all kinds of static. But not since Personna. It's a gas, man. It's a doozy; it's mom's apple pie. You dig?

I mean, man, you still want a beard? Crazy! But you don't have to turn your face into a slum, do you? Shave around the bush, baby, neatly and nicely with Personna. I mean like Personna comes in double-edge style and Injector style too. I mean like any way you try it, you gotta like like it.

\* \* \*

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*Hey, man, like how about doubling your shaving cool? Like how about wilting those crazy whiskers with some Burma-Shave? Like regular or menthol? Like have you got a better friend than your kiss? Like treat it right, right? Ye-ye!*

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